

Birds of a feather by trashmouth

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Attempt at Humor, Crossing Timelines, Dysfunctional Family, Epic Friendship, Families of Choice, Gen, Hurt/Comfort, Not Canon Compliant, Platonic Relationships, Protectiveness, Supernatural Elements, Teambuilding, Trauma

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

The strangest summer of Mike Wheeler's life starts when a bunch of weird kids 'kidnap' him at the market and start calling him 'Richie'.

or

the IT x Stranger Things crossover au literally no one asked for

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

i smashed timelines and plotlines and am ignoring
canon because WHO CARES
i want all my children safe and well and BEING
FRIENDS THANKS YOU CAN @ FIGHT ME ON THIS

all mistakes are mine
have fun :D

See, Mike Wheeler has a strange life.

You can start knowing one of his best friends is a psychic girl who can, like, move things with the power of her mind. Yeah, that came quite in hand after a multidimensional monster bursted out of nowhere in their small little town and started to wreak havoc. *That* wasn't very nice, if you'd ask him.

But back to the facts, thing is: Mike Wheeler is *used* to strange things. He's used to weird shit happening around him and, more than that, he's used to be right in the middle of it. After the whole Demogorgon disaster, most of the parents of their little group agreed to give them a break — Mike suspects it has something to do with Chief Hopper and the suspicious men wearing white trenchcoats, but decides not to pry on it, just in case they decide not to allow Eleven to go with them (she is, after all, still recovering from the multidimensional monster thing).

That's how they — the nerds plus Eleven, Nancy, Steve and Jonathan (because Mike's mom wouldn't allow both him and Nancy *anywhere* in another city without someone she deemed a responsible, honest young man, and also because Will's mother said she'd feel better if he went with them) — end up in Derry, a small city lost somewhere in Maine.

Mike doesn't like Derry one bit.

One of the worst things about small cities is that everyone knows

everyone, so it's really hard to blend in and have a nice time when almost all people around you keep staring and whispering. But, somehow, they manage, and two or three days are passed with them trying to get to know the city better.

It's the fourth day, they're all huddled up together in the small living room of the house they rented for the summer, and Nancy's the one to finally give in to the boredom.

"Ok, that's it." she stands, and seven pairs of eyes are immediately on her. "I'm going to the market, does anyone want anything?"

Eleven immediately perks up.

"Eggos!"

"Poppets!"

"Pop tarts!"

At that, everyone turns to Steve. He arches an eyebrow at their judgemental stares.

"What? I like pop tarts."

"Do you need help?" Jonathan asks, already searching for his keys. "I can go with you."

"I'll go with you." Mike stands, too, because he's getting bored here, and it'll be nice to have somewhere else to go.

"I'm going to as well!" Dustin pops up.

"Me too!" Eleven sits, and Will nods along.

Everyone's moving around, now, and Nancy's already *feeling* the disaster that will come from bringing everyone along with her — and that's a headache she *can* and *will* avoid.

"No, no, no." she shakes her head adamantly. "There's no way I'm babysitting all of you on a market. Just Mike is fine."

Nancy pats his head, and Mike cringes a bit.

Nice.

Derry has a strange weather, and Mike kinda regrets having brought only sweaters to this roadtrip. It's awfully warm, the sun blazing above them, Mike's hair's starting to get damp at the base of his neck. Nancy doesn't seem to really mind, just taking off her jacket, wrapping it around her waist.

They walk in comfortable silence for a while, and Mike rolls his sleeves up when it gets too hot, watching quietly as they approach the market — that, thankfully, has an air conditioner alive and working. The aisles are separated by immense shelves full of colored things, and curiosity blooms inside Mike.

"Well, I'll find Eleven's Eggos and get us lunch." Nancy bumps his shoulder more gently than she'd have done last year, urging him to walk forward. "Go get yourself something nice. This will be our meeting spot, ok? Be back in twenty minutes."

"Yes, Captain." Mike gives her a salute, and they part ways.

So, here's when things start to get strange.

Mike doesn't know Derry a lot, right? Right. And he *definitely* wouldn't be able to tell the market was so *big* just by looking from outside. So he wanders, and wanders, and *wanders*, and there are a lot of things he knows, but also a few brands he's never seen before, and things that he'd like to try out.

He's halfway through one of the many candy aisles when it starts.

"Richie!"

Mike doesn't look up from the candybox in his hands, not at first.

"What the hell, Richie!"

And then someone grabs his arm, startling him into dropping the box.

“We were searching for you, Trashmouth! Don’t disappear like that again.”

Mike looks up to find a girl with fiery auburn hair and the bluest eyes he’s ever seen staring at him with a small frown, freckles dotted all over her face, lips pressed in a tight line. She seems a bit angry, but not much, and she’s *definitely* talking to him. Mike’s very, *very* confused.

“Uh.” he blinks. “Excuse me, do I know you?”

Redhead girl huffs, but her anger seems to dissipate at that, and a smile breaks out on her face.

“C’mon, Richie, that won’t work on me, you know that.”

She grabs his hand instead, and pushes him around. Mike looks at her, looks at the box he left on the floor, looks at her again. She’s basically *dragging* him along with her, leaving no room for an argument, and Mike’s at a loss of words to tell her he has *no idea* what she’s talking about — or whom is Richie, for all that matters.

“Lady, I — uh, I’m not —”

“Guys! Guys, I found him!”

She’s talking to a bunch of guys next to the exit door and, wow, wasn’t Mike supposed to meet Nancy there? He looks around, trying to find her to ask for help and tell these strange kids that, hey, *he’s not Richie. He has no idea what this girl’s talking about.*

“Trashmouth!” a tiny boy with high-pitched voice and red shorts approaches, scowling at him, and Mike instinctively tenses. But then the kid sees him, really *sees* him, and his scowl turns into a confused face. “What are you *wearing?*”

“Where did you get those clothes?” taller boy, curly golden hair, olive skin.

Mike’s as lost as he was in the first place. There are five of them, not counting the girl and him — the tiny one, the tall one, one that looks a bit like Steve, one that looks like he could carry Mike without

batting an eyelash, and another one holding a bag.

He's never seen them before.

"R-Richie, w-where did you g-go?"

"I'm not Richie." Mike finally finds it in himself to tell, words squeaked out because he's *starting* to feel nervous. "My name's Mike. Mike Wheeler."

The entire group gives him a *look*.

"Is that another one of your Voices?"

"Voices?"

"I think that's the first time you sound really different."

"Does Wheeler stand for, like, third wheel or something?"

"What does he do? You always come up with stories for them, I'm curious this time."

"Uh, I don't —"

"*Guys*." auburn haired girl calls them, sounding just like Nancy when she's got enough of D&D talking. "We've got to go, remember? My aunt's waiting."

"Shit." tiny boy facepalms. "We're late!"

That seems to alarm them, for some weird reason. Strange girl's still holding Mike's hand. He kind of want to *run*. Curly haired boy seems to notice that on his eyes, and his face's set in an expression of determination.

"No, no, no more hide and seeking, Richie." he pushes him out of the market with them, and Mike looks back anxiously. Still no sign of Nancy anywhere. "It was nice while it lasted, you can tell us more about Mike Wheeler later."

"To Bev's house we go!" the boy holding the bag chants, and the

weird kids cheer.

Mike's dragged along with them, without a choice in the matter.

Shit.

Nancy's going to *kill* him.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

“Spill the beans, Trashmouth.”

Notes for the Chapter:

H O L Y S H I T

i wasn't expecting such a good response ????? i'm
????? SOBING ON THE FLOOR????? SCREECHING

i'm really *really* happy to know you guys liked it so
much ♡ and i'll try my best to reach all your
expectations :D please i'm a shy and introvert bean,
don't be mean to me

this chapter's shorter than the last, but i promise i'm
working on making them longer than this lol

have a nice read! ♡

ps: i've got good news and bad news to make at the
end notes

So, Nancy has a *feeling* when things are about to go downhill.

Call it what you want — sixth sense, sister instinct, Nancy *has* it. She's got a knack for *knowing* when things are going wrong. So, when Nancy's trying to decide what flavor of Eggo to take for Eleven — the girl didn't, after all, tell *exactly* what she wanted —, halfway through deciding to take one of each when a weird feeling settles itself in her stomach, her immediate thought it's that there's something going on.

Even then, Nancy allows herself a moment of doubt — she doesn't *have* to be right all the time. Out of pure stubbornness, Nancy goes on with her shopping; she manages to take two random boxes of Eggos for Eleven, Steve's favorites pop tarts and start searching for Will's poppets when the nagging feeling gets *worse*.

And, see, Nancy's stubborn, but she's not *stupid* — she decides she

can take the poppets later, if there's any here at all, and checks her watch to see how much time's passed since she and Mike arrived.

Just a bit more than twenty minutes, but Nancy Wheeler doesn't like to be late. She hums quietly to herself on her way back, carrying the basket with their dinner, and, upon getting at their meeting spot and having no sight of Mike *anywhere*, tries not to freak out. If Nancy lost her track in time, Mike might have done the same — there's no reason to worry just now.

So she waits.

And waits.

And *waits*.

Almost forty minutes have passed, and Nancy's heart's beating *like crazy*. Mike's not coming. Mike's not *anywhere*. Nancy's immediate thought is that something got him — another multidimensional thing, a monster, something that followed them and waited for a moment of fragility and *shit*, Nancy's panicking.

She takes out the paper in her pocket, the one she used to note down the phone of the house they're staying at, and leaves behind the basket in favor of running to the information central, voice shaky and eyes blown wide when she asks the man behind the counter to use the phone.

And it's probably because Nancy's on the verge of crying, but, when the guy allows her to make a call, she thanks him whole-heartedly, picking up the phone and dialing with trembling hands. The waiting for someone to accept the call is the worst — the fear that Mike may not be the only one who got caught, the despair at the prospect of being alone, of dealing with this on her own.

"Hello?"

Nancy's shoulders drop in utter relief.

"Steve." she chokes out, strangled. "We got a problem."

Richie's being weird.

Not in normal, Richie-way of being weird — Richie's being *really* weird. He keeps giving them those confused-eyed stares, insisting they got the wrong person and calling himself *Mike* of all things. They got at Beverly's house a few minutes ago, and he keeps looking around nervously, tugging at the sleeves of his way-too-long sweater and, all in all, looking like he'd rather be *anywhere* but here.

And see, Mike's long used to that by now; he's used to the Voices and all the Drama™ and how Richie's always messing around with them and pretending to be other people just for the fun of it. Mike *knows* how Richie is — and seeing him as a stranger (*feeling* him as a stranger) is a whole new level of weird on their already confusing lives.

But Mike shrugs it off, counting it as strangement of seeing Richie trying to get rid of the bottom coke glasses that make his eyes immense — it's been a few weeks that Richie's insistently trying to get used to wearing contacts, and, so far, it's the longest time Mike's seen him using them without hurting himself or causing an accident, so that may be it.

Even then, it's... *Unexpected* — to say the least — to have Richie around without babbling all the time.

"Kids, I'll have to go out for a bit, can I trust you not to burn down the house while I'm gone?" Beverly's aunt asks the Losers while on the phone, seeming half worried about whatever it is that she heard and half worried about the possibility of coming back to discover their afternoon snack in flames.

That'd be the moment all of them collectively turn to Richie, expecting him to drop a joke — he *blushes* instead, *honestly blushes*, and Mike's having a *feeling* about this.

"S-Sure thing, Mrs. M-Marsh!" Bill smiles confidently at her, distracting them from the shy mess that Richie suddenly turned into.

"I'll be back soon!" the elderly woman offers them a grateful smile, eyes scanning the room for her purse and agreeing to something said

on the other end of the line before finishing the call and leaving.

As soon as she closes the door, her steps fading quickly, the Losers collectively turn to stare at Richie; who, in return, looks like a deer caught in headlights.

“Spill the beans, Trashmouth.” Stan arches an eyebrow at him. “What’s going on?”

In that moment, Richie looks like he’s about to answer — he really does, twisting his lips nervously, fingers curling at the brim of his sleeves and mouth opening to say something. But, right as he does so, a crashing noise quiets him and makes all of them jump in place, instinctively coming closer, turning to the direction of the noise, half waiting to find something weirdly mundane like a cat, half expecting to face another supernatural thing.

And right there, having jumped inside from the closest window, the one which’s always open, baring a bat and wild goldfish eyes behind too-big glasses, is — *Richie?!*

Notes for the Chapter:

the good news: i have a few things sorted out and i think i know where this is heading to and BUCKLE UP KIDS WE'RE IN FOR A RIDE

the bad news: i don't think i'll be able to update every Friday, at least not this month or during the start of December, because college's been a mess and i'm a bit lost still, SORRY EVERYONE

that's it ♡ hope you liked it, i'll update as fast as i can :D

come and scream at me @ [trashmouthing](#) on tumblr \o

Author's Note:

please ignore me for any oocness, I'm just trying to have a nice time

Max will show up later \o

i'll try to update every friday or something, idk yet, i
have to sort some things out

come and scream at me @ [trashmouthing](#) on tumblr
:3c